

CHRISTMAS FETE

At Fordsville. Boys' Social Club Gives Elegant Reception To The Young Girls. Festivities Lasted Until The Wee Small Hours

Fordsville, Dec. 26. (Special)—The Boys' Social Club of Fordsville entertained the C. L. C. girls and their visiting friends at the Smith house on Christmas night. Never before has there been so grand a display of such magnificent splendor given by the young men, as was spread before the eyes of the guests. Mrs. Margarette Smith showed great dexterity in preparing her dining room in such elegant style. The doors of the hotel were thrown open to receive many of the fathers and mothers, and the older people who wished to see the decorated rooms. Festivities began at 8 o'clock and lasted till the smallest hour of the night.

The participants of the pleasures are the following: Misses Ismay Mason, Mary Smith, Siegel Ford, Cathleen Young, Gladys Hines, Irene Smith, Agnes Lynn, Louise Lewis, Martha R. Fleming, Mary Quisenberry, Ruth Lloyd, Era Gaines, Nellie Bell, Jessie McGann, Catherine Thompson, Emma Johnson, Prof. W. C. Shultz, A. B. Messrs. Leonard Smith, Raymond Lynn, Dennis Walker, Edwin Orr, W. M. Smith, Dock J. Miller, Evrette Truman, J. R. Cooper, H. J. Cooper, W. A. Haynes, Roy Litsky, J. D. Falls.

Misses Nellie Bell and Jessie McCannand, and Mr. W. A. Haynes were the guests from Whitesville, Ky., who, by their appearance, show that Whitesville is a cultured little city.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

BOOSTING FOR HER HOME TOWN, TULARE

Dear Mr. Babbage: Enclose find one dollar for the News one year.

You will receive in a few days a copy of the Daily Tulare Advance, (holiday edition,) also the Daily Tulare Register both free gratis. You will get the Register three months. Now, don't say you didn't get a Christmas present. When you get through reading them, please pass them among your friends. I am boosting for Tulare, "see!" I think you will find both papers very interesting, as they contain the true facts of our little city and surrounding country.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year; sincerely,
Mrs. J. C. Stiff.

Big Sum For Crossroads.
The steam and electric railroads of Canada spent \$3,335,288 last year on crossroads.

Do you know that fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles, due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and require no internal treatment whatever? Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely and see how quickly it gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

REED AND CARLISLE.

A Verbal Duel In the House between the Parliamentary Masters.

Following is an interesting story of an encounter between Reed and Carlisle as Senator La Follette reports it in his autobiography in the American Magazine:

"Reed was one of the ablest men in either house of congress. Some of his passages with Carlisle when Carlisle was speaker were among the best examples of close forensic reasoning I have ever heard. Both were as fine parliamentary athletes as were ever to be found. I remember vividly a characteristic passage between them. It was near the end of the session and 3 o'clock in the morning. An appropriation bill was pending. Some one offered an amendment. If it passed some advantage would accrue to the Democrats; if it failed, some advantage to the Republicans. A point of order was raised against it, and Carlisle overruled the point. Reed was on his feet—Reed, 300 pounds, six feet tall. He was the leader on the Republican side. I remember he had just two gestures, one an impressive downward movement with his extended index finger, and in the other during his higher flights he held one great clenched fist high above his head, like some colossus. He was a striking figure.

"I contend," he said on the occasion to which I refer, "that the speaker is wrong."

"Carlisle, standing there in the speaker's place, answered, 'I shall be glad to hear the gentleman from Maine.'"

"Reed retorted, 'The speaker is wrong for this reason'—and put it in a nutshell.

"Ah, but the gentleman from Maine is in error because"—and Carlisle stated his contention without a superfluous word.

"Yes," answered Reed, "but Mr. Speaker, and for ten or fifteen minutes it was parry and thrust, thrust and parry, Reed pressing Carlisle from position to position until finally the speaker said:

"The gentleman from Maine is clearly right. The speaker is wrong and reverses his ruling."

Coquelin Made the Audience Wait.

The architect Binet was a friend of the elder Coquelin. He delighted to speak of a performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in which he went to praise the genial actor in his dressing room between acts.

"I admire you above all," he said to the actor, "in the couplets of the 'Cadeys of Gascony.'"

At that moment word came to Coquelin that the curtain was rising for the next act.

"Wait, wait!" exclaimed Coquelin.

"Leave me here alone with Binet."

"My friend," he said to the architect, "it is with pleasure that I am now going to repeat the passage which has pleased you. For me your appropriation is worth more than the plaudits of the whole house."

And while the audience waited he gave anew for Binet alone the "Cadeys of Gascony."—Cris de Paris.

Beau Brummel's Impudence.

Beau Brummel's favorite dish was roasted capon stuffed with truffles. When he was living almost on the bounty of Mr. Marshall he attended a dinner party at that gentleman's house, taking with him, according to his most impudent custom, one of his favorite dogs. The Beau was helped to a wing of roast capon; but, choosing to fancy that the wing was tough, he delicately seized the end of it with a napkin covered finger and thumb and passed it under the table to his dog with the remark, "Here, About, try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be — if I can!"

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Author Stockbridge's Farm.

Frank Parker Stockbridge, the magazine writer, bought himself a farm not long ago. Somewhat later, after having made various improvements, he decided to sell it. "I began to think I'd have no difficulty in disposing of it," said he. "Farmers would come in, all over smiles and exclaim, and begin to talk farm values to me. Then I'd take 'em over the place, and the farther they went the better they liked



"IT'S THEN EXTRA-VAGANT IDEAS OF YOURS."

it. Then I'd show them through the house, and their enthusiasm would drop to below zero. I couldn't figure it out for a long time. At last I penned one old chap.

"Isn't the farm all right?" I asked him.

"He allowed that the farm was excellent.

"Isn't the house all right?"

"The house, he thought, was a right

pearl sort of house.

"Then what's the matter?"

"The old chap warmed up," said Mr.

Stockbridge. "I handed him a list of

hard cider and a Connecticut filler,

and we sat down and talked it over.

"It's then dum extravagant ideas of

your'n," said he, "that scares a fellow

off. That barn is fine—latest improved

stanchions and automatic feeders and

unloading devices and all them things.

And the kitchen is good—no dum fool-

ishness there. But when a fellow gets

up in the attic and you show him your

bath-tub—well, when he looks up he's

bound to see right through the win-

dow that the creek ain't more'n half

a mile away."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

When Morris Was Buried.

Simple Village Funeral of the Great

Artist and Poet.

In his death William Morris, who

practiced the ideal industry that Rus-

kin preached, was as simple and as

near common things and common peo-

ple as he had always sought to be in

life. He was taken from London to the

ancient village of Lechlade—so be-

gins the lovely description in the late

Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Mazzini and

Other Essays"—to be buried near

Kelmscott Manor House, where his

own country home had been.

In accordance with his wishes, the

windows of his town house were not

darkened, and no emblem of conven-

tional mourning was shown. There

was no hearse to receive his coffin as

it was taken out of the train which

bore it to Lechlade.

Only down the hill came a harvest

wagon. Round and through its yellow

framework were twisted vines and

branches of willow, roofing it and

hanging down over the red wheels. A

bed of moss fresh from the woods was

spread on the bottom. On this the

great artist was laid.

Wreaths of flowers were hung round

the sides of the rack. Vine leaves were

twisted in the bridle of the roan mare.

The carter took her by the head, and

the rest of the party walked behind to

the graveyard.

The church is a little stone building

of the twelfth century which Morris

had helped to preserve. It happened

to be decorated as for a festival. The

fruits of the year were spread round.

There were pumpkins and marrows

and great red and yellow apples on

the seats in the porch, and red au-

turn leaves hung from the pillars.

The coffin was of plain, unpolished

oak. The handles were of iron, fash-

ioned by the blacksmith. There was

no inscription but name and dates.

It was simply a village funeral, just

as he wished it to be.

His Planets.

A young gentleman was passing an

examination in physics. He was asked,

"What planets were known to the

ancients?"

"Well, sir," he responded, "there

were Venus and Jupiter and—after a

pause—"I think the earth, but I am

not quite certain."—London Tit-Bits.

Big Tim smiled in a superior way.

"I suppose that's right, my friend," he

said, "but sometimes not before the

referee has counted ten."—Lippincott's.

Sometimes Counted Out.

A Cincinnati man who visited New

York not long ago was presented to

"Big Tim" Sullivan of Tammany

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THE OLD RELIABLE BRECKINRIDGE BANK

Cloverport, Ky.

Organized 1872

OUR RECORD:

39 years of honorable dealing. Passed through three panics and paid every legitimate claim to its full amount on demand. Never scaled a check.

An absolutely Safe Place to do Business.

3 per cent on Time Deposits

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY FOR POSTAL SAVINGS FUNDS

DR. H. J. BOONE

Permanent Dentist

Dr. Owen's Office, Main Street
Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.

Cloverport, Ky.

FORGED SIGNATURES.

Little Things That Expose the Fraud to Handwriting Experts.

Forgery has a great attraction to a certain element of the criminal world. Some are so skillful in this line of work as to get past the most eagle-eyed bank teller, but always when the microscope is brought into play it is possible to detect the fraud, or, if not the microscope, then more modern testing appliances are used.

Here is a secret divulged by a man who has made a study of handwriting: No person ever yet wrote his name twice alike. In some small or big detail one signature always differs from another. Therefore when the same man's name appears twice alike—as it does in the course of business events, when the forger gets after a little easy coin—there must be a matter of tracing. It stands to reason that the exact fac simile of the one has been gained by the overlay or tracing process.

When a man undertakes to write another man's name in the free hand style of Jim the Penman there is always noticeable to the practiced eye a cramping movement or a radical departure from the way in which the name should be written. Such a small thing as the particular position of the dot above the "i," for instance, will reveal forgery or the crossing of the "t" or the shading of up or down strokes. A man will overlook the fact that the name he is writing when written by its owner always leaves the straight line at a certain letter and returns on another certain letter. Some business men place after their signatures on checks a period, some a comma, some a rough star, others a short or a long dash, making the genuineness of the signature depend more upon this slight characteristic than the name itself.—New York Tribune.

WHEN MORRIS WAS BURIED.

Simple Village Funeral of the Great Artist and Poet.

In his death William Morris, who practiced the ideal industry that Ruskin preached, was as simple and as near common things and common people as he had always sought to be in life. He was taken from London to the ancient village of Lechlade—so begins the lovely description in the late Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Mazzini and Other Essays"—to be buried near Kelmscott Manor House, where his own country home had been.

In accordance with his wishes, the windows of his town house were not darkened, and no emblem of conventional mourning was shown. There was no hearse to receive his coffin as it was taken out of the train which bore it to Lechlade.

Only down the hill came a harvest wagon. Round and through its yellow framework were twisted vines and branches of willow, roofing it and hanging down over the red wheels. A bed of moss fresh from the woods was spread on the bottom. On this the great artist was laid.

Wreaths of flowers were hung round the sides of the rack. Vine leaves were twisted in the bridle of the roan mare. The carter took her by the head, and the rest of the party walked behind to the graveyard.

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The coffin was of plain, unpolished oak. The handles were of iron, fashioned by the blacksmith. There was no inscription but name and dates. It was simply a village funeral, just as he wished it to be.

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